

Northampton, Aug. 9, 1848.

My Dear Friend:

57 Helen desires me to enclose a few lines in her letter to you, and I would gladly send you many, if I thought they would repay a perusal. In the quiet retreat in which I am now located, we have nothing occurring, from day to day, beyond the usual routine of taking one bath after another; and as we receive intelligence from abroad only occasionally, we have little to suggest topics of conversation, and still less to place on record. The number of patients at the "bure" is twenty-three - of whom thirteen are ladies, with one exception, young ladies, though several of them are married, and therefore not in the market; luckily, neither am I. All, of both sexes, seem to be very amiable; and as there is not a single dogmatic, controversial spirit among us, it is not only impossible to get up a breeze, but it is difficult to raise even a zephyr, on any subject. The conversational powers of our party seem to be quite limited, either (as the school-boy whistled) for want of thought, or because they are incorrigibly saturnine or diffident. But, in several points we are heartily agreed, and quite enthusiastic: to wit, that there is no medicine, whether taken internally or externally, like pure cold water; that, having appetites alarmingly good, it is a real pleasure to eat the simplest fare; that we are all making good progress in the cure; that our worthy doctor (being blind, you know) is a very feeling man, and has much physiological knowledge at his fingers' ends; and that Northampton is one of the prettiest places in the wide world, though few of us have seen very little of the world. Being Yankees, we guess that it is so. The weather is perfect - the scenery romantic - the retirement delightful; and now that the moon nightly grows in size and splendor, our evening rambles are perfectly ~~delightful~~ pleasurable.

William Lloyd Garrison -

Aug. 9, 1848. I am greatly delighted to learn, from Helen, that you and your father ("may his shadow never be less") intend visiting this place, ere long; and that though he will not be able to remain long - I am sorry for that, yet I know what are the demands of business - you will remain with us a few weeks, with the children. Having my family here, I now feel very much at home; and when you all come, it will be having cherished friends in addition to wife and progeny. Though I am not master of my time, and must take my baths at regular hours, yet I shall be able to find some leisure to show Helen and you the beauties of this romantic region.

Please give my thanks to your father for his very pleasant letter, relative to your excursion to Niagara; and as he is so capital a correspondent, I must send him another epistle to elicit another similar favor, which, by the way, is fairly due, as he left you and himself suspended on the aerial wire bridge over the roaring waters, without having time to relate the sequel. I take a long breath, however; for I am sure you both got safely across, and so were not carried over the falls, inasmuch as his letter was dated at Boston, and Helen saw ^{you} at No. 7, Hollis-street, with her own eyes. Your father admits that you had more courage than himself, as he had no intention to take such a wirey passage; but on you would go, heroine-like, and on he would follow, like an affectionate father whose love is superior to all apprehension of danger, whether real or imaginary. It seems your uncle Edmund, with his estimable wife, could not be persuaded to "bridge the gulf" in that manner, preferring the "firm-set earth" to any position in the air, however lofty or sublime. Blessings unnumbered on you all, and may all harm be kept from you, whether at home or abroad, on dry land or in "the blue above."

Yours, truly,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Mrs. E. J. Meriam.